The Montrose Democrat.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

A. J. GERRITSON, PUBLISHER. MONTROSE, PA., MARCH 15, 1860. VOLUME XVII, NUMBER II.

P. LINES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop in the Brick Block, over Read & Co's Store. All work warranted, as to fit and finish.

ALFRED HAND,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW, Montrose, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with fidelity and despatch.

May be found at the office of W. & W. H. Jessup, Esqs.

S. H. Sayre & Brother,

MANUFACTURERS of Mill Castings, and Castings of all kinds, Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements, and Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c. Montrose, Pa., November, 16th, 1859.—ws.

Guttenberg, Rosenbaum & Co.,

DEALERS in Ready-made Clothing, Ladies' Dress Goods, Furnishing Goods, etc., etc. Stores at No 24 Dey-st, New-York City, and in Towanda, Montrose, and Susq'a Depot, Pa.

L. B. ISBELL,

REPAIRS Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, at short notice, and on reasonable terms. All work warranted. Shop in Chandler & Jessup's store, Montrose, Pa. [oc25tf.

DR. E. W. WELLS

HAVING permanently located in **Dundaff** offers his professional services to all who may require them. Also, keeps constantly on hand a full stock of **Drugs** and **Medicines, Pure Wines** and **Liquors** for Medical purposes. [ap7—6m.

Drs. Blakeslee & Brush,

HAVE associated themselves for the prosecution of the duties of their profession, and respectfully offer their professional services to the Invalid Public. Office at the residence of Dr. Blakeslee, midway between the villages of Dimock and Springville. ap20y

A. C. BLAKESLEE.....P. E. BRUSH.

HAYDEN BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE Dealers in Buttons, Combs, Suspenders, Threads, Fancy Goods, Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, Cigars, &c., &c., New Milford, Pa. Merchants and Pedlars, supplied on liberal terms. w1tf

HENRY B. McKEAN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW. Office in the Union Block—Towanda, Brad.

DR. H. SMITH,

SURGEON DENTIST. Residence and office opposite the Baptist Church (north side) Montrose. Particular attention will be given to inserting teeth on gold and silver plate, and to filling decaying teeth.

ABEL TURRELL,

DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals Dye Stuffs, Glass-ware, Paints, Oils, Varnish Window Glass, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.—And Agent for all the most popular Patent Medicines. Montrose, Pa.

DR. E. F. WILMOT,

GRADUATE of the Allopathic and Homœopathic Colleges of Medicine, Gt. Bend, Pa. Office, corner of Main and Elizabeth-sts., nearly opposite the Methodist church.

Wm. H. Cooper & Co.,

BANKERS, Successors to POST, COOPER & CO., Montrose, Pa. Office Lathrop's new building, Turnpike Street.

WM. HUNTTING COOPER.....HENRY DRIKER.

C. O. FORDHAM,

MANUFACTURER OF BOOTS & SHOES. Montrose, Pa. Shop over Tyler's Store. All kinds of work made to order and repairing done neatly. je1

WM. W. SMITH, & CO.,

CABINET and Chair Manufacturers, foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. aug1tf

DR. G. Z. DIMOCK,

PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office over Wilsons' store: Lodgings at Searle's Hotel.

DR. JOHN W. COBB,

PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office on Public Avenue, opposite Searle's Hotel, Montrose.

DR. R. THAYER,

PHYSICIAN and Surgeon, Montrose Pa.—Office in the Farmer's Store.

JOHN GROVES,

FASHIONABLE Tailor. Shop near the Baptist Meeting House, on Turnpike street, Montrose, Pa. aug1tf

NEWS OFFICE.

THE New York City Illustrated Newspapers Magazines, etc. etc., for sale at the Montrose Book Store, by A. N. BULLARD.

P. REYNOLDS,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop in basement of Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.

C. D. VIRGIL,

RESIDENT DENTIST, Montrose. Office at the Franklin House, room No. 3. Filling and Inserting teeth on Gold and Silver Plate done in the most approved modern style. My Plates are absolutely water-tight,—no interstices where food can lodge. nov24

CHARLES MORRIS,

BARBER, and Hair Dresser. Shop No. 3 in basement of Searle's Hotel, Montrose.

MEAT MARKET.

On Public Avenue, near Searle's Hotel.

KEEP constantly on hand a good supply of MEATS of all kinds. **CASH** paid for **Beef Cattle, Calves, Sheep,** and **Lambs.** Also for **Hides of all kinds.**

HENSTOCK & HAWLEY.

S. T. HENSTOCK. S. HAWLEY.

Montrose, March 30th, 1859.—tf.

H. GARRATT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

FLOUR, GRAIN, SALT, &C.,

NEW MILFORD, PA.—Sale Room, PRATT'S Office.

WILL keep constantly on hand the best brands of FLOUR—by the Sack or Hundred-Barrels—at the lowest market prices. Also, SALT—by the Single Barrel or Load.

All orders from Merchants and Dealers will be promptly attended to.

*** Cash paid for Grain, Wool, Pelts, Hides, and all Farmers' Produce in their season.

BILLINGS STROUD,

FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE AGENT,—Montrose, Pa.

TESTIMONIALS.

WE, the undersigned, certify that we were insured in Fire Insurance Companies represented by Mr. Billings Stroud, of Montrose, and that, having suffered loss by fire while so insured, we were severally paid by said companies to the full extent of our claims; and we have confidence in him as a good and effective agent.

JAS. R. DEWITT, ZIPHON COBB,
LATHROP & DEWITT, H. J. WEBB,
F. B. CHANDLER, J. LYONS & SON,
BENJ. GLIDDEN, LEONARD SEARLE.

Montrose, Pa. November 14th, 1859.

☞ Patronise those that advertise. ☜

From Harpers' Magazine.

The Battle of New Orleans.

A BALLAD OF LOUISIANA.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Here, in my rude log cabin,
Few poorer men there be
Among the mountain ranges
Of Western Tennessee.
My limbs are weak and shrunken,
White hairs upon my brow;
My dog—lie still old fellow!
My sole companion now;
Yet I, when young and lusty,
Have gone through stirring scenes,
For I went down with Carroll,
To fight at New Orleans.

You say you'd like to hear me
The stirring story tell
Of those who stood the battle,
And those who fighting fell:
Short work to count our losses;
We stood and dropped the foe,
As easily as by firelight,
Men shoot a buck or doe;
And while they fell by hundreds
Upon the bloody plain,
Of us fourteen were wounded,
And only eight were slain.

The eighth of January,
Before the break of day,
Our raw and hasty levies
Were brought into array.
No cotton bales before us—(!)
Some fool that falsehoo told—
Before us was an earth work,
Built from the swampy mould;
And there we stood in silence,
And waited with a frown,
To greet with bloody welcome
The bull-dogs of the crown.

The heavy fog of morning
Still hid the plain from sight,
When came a thread of scarlet,
Marked faintly in the white.
We fired a single cannon,
And, as its thunder rolled,
The mist before us lifted,
In many a heavy fold.
The mist before us lifted,
And in their bravery fine,
Came rushing to their ruin,
The fearless British line.

Then from our waiting cannons
Leaped forth the deadly flame,
To meet the solid columns
That swift and steady came.
The thirty-twos of Crawley,
And Bluche's twenty-four,
To Spott's eighteen pounders
Responded with their roar
Sending the grape-shot deadly
That marked its pathway plain,
And paved the road it traveled
With corses of the slain.

Our rifles firmly grasping
And heedless of the din,
We stood in silence waiting
For orders to begin.
Our fingers on our triggers,
Our hearts with anger stirred,
Grew still more fierce and eager,
As Jackson's voice we heard—
"Stand steady! waste no powder!
Wait till your shots will tell!
To-day the work you finish;
See that you do it well.

Their columns drawing nearer
We felt our patience tire,
When came the voice of Carroll,
Distinct and measured—"Fire!"
Oh! then you should have seen us
Our volleys on them pour,
Have heard our joyous rifles
Ring sharply through the roar;
And seen their foremost columns
Melt hastily away,
As snow in mountain gorges
Before the floods of May.

They soon re-formed their columns,
And mid the fatal rain
We never ceased to hurtle,
Came to their work again.
Old Forty-fourth is with them,
Which first its laurels won
With stout old Abercrombie
Beneath an Eastern sun.
It rushes to the battle,
And though within the rear
Its leader is a laggard,
It shows no sign of fear.

It did no t need its Colonel,
For soon there came instead
An eagle-eyed commander,
And on its march he led.
It was Packenham in person,
Brave leader of the field;
I knew it by the cheering
Which loudly round him pealed,
And by his quick, sharp movement
We felt his heart was stirred,
As when at Salamanca
He led the fighting third.

I raised my rifle quickly,
I sighted at his breast—
God save the gallant leader.
And take him to his rest;
I did not draw the trigger,
I could not for my life;
So calm he sat his charger
Amid the deadly strife,
That, in my fiercest moment,
A prayer arose from me—
"God save that gallant leader,
Our foeman though he be!

Sir Edward's charger staggers,
He leaps at once to ground,
And, ere the brute falls bleeding,
Another steed has found,
His right arm falls! 'tis wounded!
He waves on high his left;
In vain he leads the movement;
In twain the ranks are cleft;
The men in scarlet waver
Before the men in brown;
And fly in utter panic
The soldiers of the crown.

I thought the work was over,
But newer shouts were heard;
And came with Gibb's to lead it;
The gallant Ninety-third.
Then Packenham exulting,
With proud and joyous glance,
Cried, "Children of the tartan!
Bold Highlanders advance!
Advance to scale the breast-works,
And drive them from their hold,
And show the stainless courage
Which marked your sires of old."

His voice as yet was ringing
When quick as light there came
A roaring of a cannon,
And earth seemed all aflame.
Who causes thus the thunder
The doom of men to speak?
It is the Barataria—
The fearless Dominique!
Down thro' the marshaled Scotsmen
The step of death is heard,
As by the fierce tornado
Falls half of Ninety-third.

The smoke passed slowly upward,
And as it soared on high,
I saw the brave commander
In dying anguish lie.
They bear him from the battle,
Who never fled the foe;
Unmoved by death around them,
His bearers softly go.
In vain their care so gentle—
Fades earth and all its scenes;
The Man of Salamanca
Lies dead at New Orleans.

But where were his Lieutenants?
Had they in horror fled?
No! Keane was sorely wounded,
And Gibbs was good as dead.
Brave Wilkinson commanding,
A Major of Brigade,
The shattered force to rally,
A final effort made.
He led it up our ramparts—
Small glory did he gain,
Our captives some, while others fled,
And he himself was slain.

The stormers had retreated,
The bloody work was o'er;
The feet of the invaders
Were soon to leave our shore.
We rested on our rifles,
And talked about the fight,
When ran a sudden murmur
Like fire from left to right,
We turned and saw our chieftain,
And then, good friend of mine,
You should have heard the cheering
That rang along the line.

For well our men remembered
How little when they came,
Had they but native courage,
And trust in Jackson's name;
How through the day he labored,
How kept the vigils still,
Till discipline controled us,
A stronger power than will;
And how he hurled us at them,
Within the evening hour,
That red night in December,
And made us feel our power.

In answer to our shouting,
Fire lit his eye of gray;
Erect, but thin and pallid,
He passed upon his bay.
Weak from the baffled fever,
And shrunken in each limb,
The swamps of Alabama
Had done their work on him;
But spite of that and fasting,
And hours of sleepless care,
The soul of Andrew Jackson,
Shone forth in glory there.

SAM ARBUCKLE'S MARRIAGE.—Old Sam Arbuckle was the nigger butler to my brother, the member of Congress for Virginny.—He had permission to spouse Milken Sally, a slave on another plantation. A night was fixed for the ceremony, the company assembled, and the colored preacher was there to tie the nuptial knot. Well, they waited and waited for ever so long, but the bride didn't make her appearance. At last Sam grew impatient; so says he to the preacher, "Look here, Brudder Cullifer, it's no use waiting for that darkey: I knows her like a book—she's dropped asleep settin' 'fore de fire. I'se authorized to speak for her, so just go ahead jest the same as if she was here." Old Cullifer thought this was a wise suggestion, and proceeded with the service that united them in the holy bonds of matrimony. When the ceremony was over, off started the bridegroom in search of the absent bride, and, sure enough, when he reached her cabin there he found her fast asleep by the fire, with some of her finery in her hand; and she was terribly riled when she heard the wedding had come off and she was not there.—[Sam Slick.

Found Out.

Early one morning, the scholars of one of our district schools were agreeably surprised to find written upon the outside, "No Schule," and the most of them made preparations to enjoy the holiday, not dreaming but what it was a genuine order. It appeared, however, that a lover of mischief more than his books, had written in large letters the joyful news.—"No Schule," was the notice posted up; the idea was understood, but the spelling was bad. The afternoon brought all together, and in the stern visage of the schoolmaster enough was seen to convince us that all was not right—he had been outwitted, and now came the tug of war.

He soon ordered the boys to appear before his presence, and, one by one, criticised our spelling as far as the word school was concerned. They stood the test, until the hero, with his comic phiz, made his appearance, who with confidence distinctly said—

"S-c-h-u-l-e!"

The master took him by the collar, and with a joyful expression at the success of the plan to find him out, laid on the birch right merrily.—Boston Paper.

☞ Rarey, the American horse tamer, lately gave his exhibitions in the Cirque Napolean, in Paris, and the receipts one night it is stated, left him $3000 clear profit.

THE BANK-NOTE.

"You would scarcely think I had been in the State's Prison, would you!"

"In the State's Prison!" I echoed, "Oh! of course you mean as a visitor," and I felicited myself that my good natured host had not "sold" me.

"No; I mean as a convict."

"As a convict!" I echoed again, dropping my pipe in amazement. "Impossible."

"True, nevertheless."

Mrs. Elmore raised her eyes from her knitting, and looked at her husband and then at me, with a sort of sad smile, that seemed to say, "True, every word of it."

Mr. Elmore was a planter, living near Natchez, in Mississippi, and I, fancying myself an artist, was at that time staying at his house, ostensibly engaged in painting a portrait of his daughter Annette, a fair young beauty of seventeen.

True, my stay had already been longer than was strictly necessary for purposes of painting, but for reasons which will appear more fully hereafter, I still lingered on the plantation, an honored guest. And often, in the calm autumn evening, we would all sit together on the veranda, and talk for hours in home like, old fashioned way, under the shadow of the clinging vine.

"In the State's Prison as a convict!" I repeated, after a pause, inwardly wondering how it could be possible that the mild benevolent old gentleman could ever have been so abused.

"Perhaps you would like to hear how it happened?" he said inquiringly.

"Most certainly, if you are willing to narrate it."

"I have never spoken of it since I have been here, but if you will listen to-night to an old man's babbling, I will tell you the story."

"Forty years ago, to-day, I was twenty-two years old, and, improbable as it may now seem, I was practicing law in the city of Boston; or rather I was sitting in my office waiting to practice. My father, who had died when I was but a boy, had been a lawyer before me, and it was my ambition always to be like him, as I dimly remembered him, and as my mother described him.

"At that time my mother and myself were living together in a little house in Roxbury, and I had just began to see some prospect of success in my business.

"There was an acquaintance of mine, Louis Milton by name, at that time cashier in one of the city banks.

"Circumstances had thrown us much together and we had grown to be very good friends; so much so that he had often spoken to me of a certain Mary Marshall, whom he was accustomed to regard as his future wife; the contract, for such only it could be called, having been entered into years before by their parents.

"Weston Marshall was a wealthy importer, and the elder Milton chief owner of the bank in which Louis was cashier. Both were wealthy, and both were aristocratic, and hence the foundation of the contract. I had never seen her, and never thought of her but when he spoke of her, little dreaming that she would one day indirectly effect a thorough change in my whole life. But I must not anticipate.

"I shall never forget one snowy night—the first time I ever saw her. Some theatrical celebrity was starring at one of the Boston theatres, and Louis and myself happening together in the evening, strolled to the play. In one of the intervals between the acts, Louis turned to me and asked:—

"Have you seen Mary?"

"I answered that I had never had that pleasure.

"'Do you see,' he said, directing my attention to a remote part of the house, 'that young lady dressed in purple, with dark plumes in her hat?'

"I replied that I did.

"'Well that's Mary.'

"Placed as we then were in the glaring light, I could see little beyond the particulars of dress he had remarked; but the chances of the crowd, as we left the theatre, brought me quite near her, and I thought then, and think now, that I had never looked into a pair of deeper or more heartfelt eyes. But we passed on chatting pleasantly of different things, and that night I slept as sound and dreamless a sleep as if there were never a woman in Christendom.

"Mayhap you have noticed—if you have what people call 'an ear for music,' you certainly have—that you may listen to a piece of music which shall strike you as being particularly beautiful, and go away, and one hour afterwards you could not recall, so as to articulate a single note of it, though your life depended upon so doing. And yet, days afterward, when you least expect it, shall catch yourself humming strain after strain, as easily as if you had known them from childhood; and in truth it shall seem more like an echo of something with which you had long ago been familiar, than the acquisition of something entirely new.

"Just so it was to me with Mary Marshall's eyes. I do not think I thought of them for weeks after that night at the theatre, until one morning I was walking into my office thinking of 'declarations,' not in love, but in law, when her image started out in memory with more than the distinctiveness of most familiar faces. I cannot explain why this should be so, any more than I can explain why it is that at occasional periods in every man's life there flashes across his mind, with a sort of curdling shudder, a shadowy consciousness of having seen or heard all that is then passing at some remote point of the illimitable past. I only know that both are true. The causes of and deduction from, I leave to profounder speculators.

"Once having presented itself, it seemed determined not to be exercised, and it maintained its position during the entire morning, pertinaciously returning to the attack whenever displaced for a moment by assiduous application to the perusal of "Coke and Lyttleton."

"In the afternoon of the same day I was passing slowly down Tremont street. There had been a warm sun for some days, and the snow was disappearing. Now and then when it was drifted on the roofs, the dampening of the slates occasioned it to slip from its position and descend in miniature avalanches into the streets below, sometimes carrying with it fragments of ice, which, for the last night's freezing were clinging to the eaves.

"Suddenly, one of these 'slides' deluged me with snow, and a lady, who had been walking just before me for some distance, was knocked down by a fragment of ice.

"Of course, my first impulse was to raise and carry her into the nearest shop; the next, to inquire if she was at all injured. But the motion of carrying commenced the work of reanimation, and the restorative produced by some ladies present in the shop, soon completed it, and the same eyes I had seen at the theatre again met my own.

"It would be useless to detail to you how it happened that I called a carriage and accompanied her to her father's house; or how a pleasant acquaintance sprung up out of that chance service; of a thousand other things you can as well imagine.

"Let it be enough to tell you, what I suppose you already anticipate, that a friendship soon grew up between us, which long before the blossoms of the following spring had ripened into acknowledged love, and that unheeding any obstacle which might be set up between us, we were happy as summer birds.

"For some years previous to this time, little—nay, nothing—had been said by any party in regard to the contract long before entered into between the parents of Louis and Mary; and the latter, whose gay heart had scarcely given it a thought until she met with me, now began to hope that it had been forgotten, or, at least, abandoned by tacit consent. But causes which I will briefly allude to, soon brought it to remembrance.

"For several months both of the houses of Marshall and Milton, in common with a major part of the commercial community, had been dipping largely into extravagant speculation, and had been losers to an alarming extent, though neither knew of the other's danger, and both retained their reputation for wealth. Under these circumstances, each looked to a consummation of this contract of marriage as the most available means of avoiding bankruptcy; and accordingly Louis pressed his suit urgently, and Marshall aided him with all his powers of persuasions. I was poor, and Marshall was a—in short, it would have been worse than useless for me to have spoken then.

"And so the time had gone forward into the summer, and one afternoon accidentally brought Mary and myself together in one of the city book stores. While there chatting over the books, I purchased one of them, and gave it to her, paying for it with a bank note of some large denomination.

"And now let me hasten over a portion of my life which can give you little pleasure in the hearing, and is certainly bitter in the memory.

"The next morning I was arrested, charged with having uttered counterfeit money.—I knew not which way to turn, or what to say. There was the bill I had passed the day before, with the word 'counterfeit' written across the face by Louis Milton, who, in entire ignorance of the fact that I had passed it, had thrown it out when presented for deposit. I could not deny having given it, and, even if it could have been of any avail, I was unable to say whether it was counterfeit or not.—Some old enmity against my father, prompted the proprietor of the book store to a vindictive prosecution of the charge; and bitterly was he revenged; for my conviction which followed close upon my arrest, killed my poor mother."

The old man's voice trembled, and pausing, he nervously knocked the ashes from his pipe. I turned away my face, and in the sight of the stars only, I brushed away the tears that would come in spite of me.

"Well, the trial came on. I did all I tho't I could, but I could not deny that I had given the note. It seemed that there could be no doubt of its spuriousness, and the prosecution was pressed with singular vindictiveness. I was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment in the State's Prison. To be an innocent man in the sight of God, shut out from all I held dear in life; deprived of that great birth-right of humanity, liberty; my name rendered infamous, as I thought forever; is it any wonder that I sometimes prayed for death to terminate my suffering? Her utter hopelessness of agony under that terrible trial, no human tongue can tell.

The old man's tones grew tremulous again, and Mrs. Elmore, as I had done before, turned her face toward the slow marching stars.

"Meanwhile the great world outside my prison house moved on unheeding. Pecuniary pressure gradually tightened around both Marshall and Milton, until each felt that the last hope lay in the union of Louis and Mary. How fallacious was the hope the sequel showed but too soon. Mr. Marshall had long since ceased to persuade his daughter to this step, and tried commands. Both means failed entirely, and he now resorted to entreaty. He faithfully represented to her the condition of his affairs, and urged her to save him from ruin and disgrace by marrying the son of the rich banker.

Startled at the prospect of her father's impending penury, so vividly set before her, utterly desolate at heart, feeling keenly that all her hopes of happiness were wrecked entirely and forever, she finally yielded, a martyr she thought to her father's good, and they were married. Alas! how vain the sacrifice! Within a week after their marriage mutual explanation disclosed the truth, and both houses failed the same day. Twenty-four hours thereafter found Marshall dead. Poison, self-administered, was suspected, but the truth is not known to this day. Louis Milton, gave way under the magnitude of the temptation to dishonesty, gathered together all he could of the scattered remnants of both fortunes, regardless of his father, or of his creditors, and departed suddenly, none knew whither, carrying with him his humble and sorrowing wife.

"The commercial world was startled for a moment by the extent of the failures; but in a few brief weeks the thing was almost forgotten, save by those who suffered immediate loss.

"All these things I learned long afterward. It would profit nothing to detail to you the wearying and humiliating routine of my prison life. Let me pass to the close.

"I had been shut out from the world nearly two years, and one evening was sitting on the low bed in my solitary cell, dreamingly wandering among the 'gardens of memory.' Sorrowful enough is this, even to him who time has brought no shadow of disgrace. Who, while he looks into the irrevocable 'long ago,' dozes beside his fireside, surrounded by those who love him, and those he loves! Who shall say how many 'grim faces of unrepented error' look out from its shadow upon, even the happiest man? How much less, then, shall any tongue tell how bitterer than gall it was to look into the past, to me, who, while yet young, had seen my name stained with foulest dishonor, all my aspirations in a moment crushed, and my dearest hopes, even in their broadest noon, blotted into instant night.

"And so it was sitting in the growing gloom of that autumn evening, mentally living over again the days that were gone, when the door opened, and the turnkey, accompanied by two or three gentlemen, entered the cell. One of the gentlemen I recognized as having been the prosecuting attorney upon my trial.

"'This is the man, Mr. Crampton,' said the turnkey.

"'My dear Elmore,' said the attorney, frankly extending his hand, 'let me congratulate you upon your restoration to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, as the ancients have it. You are, from this moment, free to wander whithersoever you choose. Come, let us go into the open air; it makes me feel ageoish in here.'

"I was completly bewildered, and, suffering myself to be led, without a word, before I could recollect myself to ask the reason of this unexpected proceeding, I found myself once more under God's blessed stars, accompanied by, or rather being dragged by the good-natured old lawyer. And what was the reason? you ask simply this: The note, for the uttering of which I had been imprisoned, was the issue of a country bank, and, since my trial, had remained in the hand of Mr. Crampton, the attorney. A short time previous to my release, Mr. Wilson, one of the gentlemen who accompanied Mr. Crampton to the prison, and president of the bank whence the note was issued, being in Boston, was sitting in Mr. Crampton's office, when some casual remark recalled to the memory of the latter the circumstances attending my conviction. From mere curiosity he showed the note to Wilson, and he, to Crampton's astonishment, pronounced it genuine.

"And so I had been guilty of no crime, either in thought or deed. But where was the redress? What redress could there be for a mother murdered and a name disgraced?

"You need not be told my reason for quitting Boston forever. I came here after many wanderings; and to this day, no soul there knows but I am dead.

Once more the old man paused, relighted his pipe, and in a more cheerful tone continued his story:

"I had lived here with an negro woman for housekeeper for nearly four years, when an unaccountable impulse prompted me to visit New Orleans. There was no reason why I should either go on, or stay, except my own inclination; and so I ran down to the bank there, hailed the first boat bound downward, and took passage for the city.

"It was a hot but beautiful day in May when the *White Cloud* swung out into the current, and steamed gallantly down the river. The heat was tempered by a strong breeze from the south, before which small fleecy clouds, that seemed almost melting into the distant blue, like little fairy barges, scudded swiftly to the northward. Always silent and abstracted, I was that day unusually thoughtful. I remember I sat all day on the guards, to all appearance looking at the bank of the river, but really looking dreamily into my own heart-history; with that sort of pleasant sadness which every meditative man so often feels; that partially forgetting one's present consciousness in the cloudly living over again the pleasantness of 'years agone.'

"Late in the afternoon the sun disappeared behind a mass of leaden blue clouds gilding its volumed verge with a line of dazzling light. The wind ceased entirely, a stifling closeness crept through the atmosphere; and to an eye at all weather wise, it was evident that the armies of the air were mustering for a conflict. By and by the thunder, which, like the artillery of a distant battle-field, had all the afternoon trembled along the horizon, swelled nearer and more near; the lightning, fierce spirit of the storm, leaped from the bosom of the cloud, waved his flaming banner in advance, a few drops, which in the oppressive stillness sounded like a shower of shot, clattered upon the deck; and then, with all the din of the summer tempest, the elemental battle whirled around us.

"For more than three hours the storm raged with unabated fury, and even when its fiercest rush had swept away to the east, the rain poured down in steady torrents, and except for an occasional pale flash of lightning, the night was intensely dark. During the whole of the first half of the night, I felt no inclination to sleep, should I try ever so earnestly, and at nearly two o'clock in the morning I was standing at one of the glass doors of the social hall. I do not know long I had stood there; I only know that I alone of all the passengers was waking, and except for the escaping steam there was no sound on board. I was aroused by loud shouting without, followed in quick succession by the hurried tramping of feet and a rushing shock, that made the vessel tremble to her keel. As I gained the deck, the air was filled with loud screams and agonized cries for help. The next moment the rosin torches of the boat flashed their red light upon the darkness, and there close before us lay a disabled steamer, sinking rapidly. In the thick darkness the eye could not properly measure distances, and in a rash attempt to cross the course of the *White Cloud* she had been cut far below the water-line.

"I had not dwelt so long upon the river's bank without familiarizing myself with the use of the oar, and with the aid of two or three of the first who recovered their self-possession, I launched one of the steamer's boats and pushed off to the assistance of those who were struggling in the water. I shall never forget the faces I saw that night; and I shudder now as I recall their looks of despairing supplication as the turbid waters closed over them forever, within sight, almost within reach of the helping hands.

"I was standing in the bow of the boat as we were returning slowly from a long circuit around the sunken steamer, when I saw close before us the gleam of a white garment upon the water, and a faint bubbling cry reached our ears. The boat shot forward under the impulse of the rowers, but the object was gone. We were just turning to leave the spot, when the waters parted again below us, and the glare of the torches shone upon an upturned female face. I needed no second glance; and with a spring that carried me far over the boat's side, I grasped the white figure with trembling fingers, and supported it till strong arms in the boat lifted us from the water.

"The next morning Mary Marshall—I could not call her Mary Milton—and I sat together in New Orleans, and talked hour after hour.

"Let me make the story brief.

"They had had gone directly from Boston to New Orleans, where Louis soon obtained employment as book-keeper in one of the banks of the city. But the loss of his wealth and position had completely cast down his weak spirit. He fell into habits of drunkenness, was rarely at home, sometimes leaving her in their boarding house for days together. He entertained an insane hope of regaining his lost wealth at the gaming table, and within twelve months from their marriage he was brought home dead, stabbed in a drunken brawl in one of the gambling hells of the city. Fortunately for Mary she had gained the affection and esteem of the wife of the president of the bank where Louis had been employed, who now offered her a home ostensibly as a teacher of music for her daughter. And here she had been ever since, meeting nothing but kindness, and contented with her lot. She was accompanying the family on a Northern tour, when the accident occurred which brought us together.

"More than thirty years have," solemnly continued the old man, after a pause, "rolled away, and never since then, for a single day, have Mary and I been parted."

Mrs. Elmore rose softly from her chair, and kneeling beside her husband, hid her face in her bosom and sobbed like a child.

Silently, I walked down the pathway, and, leaning upon the rustic gate, looked far down where the light of the new risen moon slept upon the water, and listened to the night as it whispered softly to the slumbering flowers. Presently I felt, rather than heard, a light step behind me. A little white hand was laid upon my shoulder, I passed my arm lovingly around a yielding figure, and then, with spirits that melted into each other, and in that blissful hour lived as but one essence, Annette and I stood dreaming under the silent stars until the old man's voice said:

"Come, children, it is late."

That little hand is not so fair and plump now as then, and the frosts of age are beginning to silver my hair, but still the quiet autumn evenings often find us standing at the rustic gate. The same river flows unchangingly at our feet, and Annette and I are as perfectly one spirit now as then.

Hints to Travelers.

Take one-fourth more money than your estimated expenses.

Acquaint yourself with the geography of the route and region of travel.

Have a good supply of change, and have no bill or piece higher than ten dollars, that you may not take counterfeit change.

So arrange it as to have but one single article of luggage to look after.

Dress substantially; better be too hot for two or three hours at noon, than to be too cold for the remainder of the twenty-four hours.

Arrange, under all circumstances, to be at the place of starting fifteen or twenty minutes before the time, thus allowing for unavoidable and unanticipated delays on the way.

Do not commence a day's travel before breakfast, even if it has to be eaten at daylight. Dinner or supper, or both, can be more healthfully dispensed with than a good warm breakfast.

Put your purse and watch in your vest pocket, and put all under your pillow, and you will not be likely to leave either.

The most secure fastening of your chamber door is a common bolt on the inside; if there is none, lock the door, turn the key so that it can be drawn partly out; and put the wash-basin under it; thus any attempt to use a jimmy, or put in another key, will push it out, and cause a racket among the crockery, which will be pretty certain to rouse the sleeper and route the robber.

A sixpenny sandwich eaten leisurely in the cars is better for you than a dollar dinner bolted at a "station."

Take with you one month's supply of patience and think thirteen times before you reply once to any supposed rudeness, or insult, or inattention.

Do not suppose yourself specially and designedly neglected, if waiters at hotels do not bring what you call for in double quick time; nothing so distinctly marks the well bred man as a quiet waiting on such occasions; passion proves the puppy.

Do not allow yourself to converse in a tone loud enough to be heard by a person at two or three seats from you; it is the mark of a boor, if in a man, and of want of refinement and lady-like delicacy, if in a woman. A gestleman is not noisy: ladies are serene.

Two Views of the Case.

Judge C——, U. S. Senator from Vermont, related to us a good anecdote the other day, illustrative of Abolitionism. The morning he was leaving home to enter upon his duties in this city, a straight-faced deacon who looked upon the whole South as a great pandemonium, called on him, and said:—

"Now, Judge, I want you to do all in your power to abolish slavery!"

"Well," said the Judge, "how shall I proceed?"

"Oh, I don't know; but you must abolish it. It is a damnable curse and must be abolished. You know more about law than I do. The church is my stronghold, but you understand national matters, Judge, and you can devise some plan, and I know it."

"The only way I see to abolish it," said the Judge, "is to buy all the slaves and set them free."

"Well, go in for that; have a law passed that the North shall buy them, and then this trouble will end. Yes, go in strong for that, Judge."

"Just as you say, Deacon. I will agree to it in a moment, and will stand my share of the expense. Here is Woodstock with three hundred inhabitants, and this town would be called on for about six hundred thousand dollars—and I will urge it before the Senate."

The good deacon opened his mouth, then his eyes, allowed his tongue to escape from one corner of his face, scratched his head, and tapped impatiently on the floor with his foot. As the Judge was leaving the room the deacon's power of speech came to him, and he called out:—

"Oh say, Judge, I guess you had better let slavery alone; the poor black devils are better off South than up here in this cold climate."